THE MISSION TRAIL
Guthrie, Oklahoma

Number 5165

. . . May I say a very hearty welcome to all who are in tune with The Mission Trail of Guthrie, Oklahoma. I hope this new time of 11:00 will fit into your plans for each Friday night, and that you will tell others about the time and station.

Now since next Sunday, May the 9th is Mothers' Day, it seems good that we should give attention to this fact. So we especially dedicate this message to all the mothers who are listening in. May God's richest blessings be yours!

It has often been said that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world". Now let us take a look at this thought found in Proverbs, chapter 31 and verses 10, 11, and 12. "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

Then especially I would like to call your attention to verse 30. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

Here we have a perfect description of a good wife and a wonderful mother, and surely God knows we need them in this present world!

Now God has ordained that one husband should have one wife, and that the two of them joined together in holy matrimony should then be one! See Matthew 19:5. Then the natural fruit of marriage is God-given, heaven-sent, pure and innocent children. Those who have been deprived of children have missed much of the joy and happiness which life affords, but with this pleasure comes also responsibility, and especially is this true of mothers. They have a great task of teaching baby lips to pray, baby minds to memorize God's word, and baby hearts to obey--continuing with line upon line and precept upon precept, in instilling habits of noble living in junior boys and girls--followed up by ever keeping before our youths and maidens old fashioned standards of truth, honor and virtue!

Who of us can properly estimate the value of a child? Our heritage of children with loving hearts and brains to develop, with possibilities beyond all measurement; with souls destined to live throughout endless ages. Who is able to tell of values here?

Now in comparison with the millions in diamonds and pearls on the one hand and the child on the other, you'd quickly choose the child, but do you sense the responsibility? Do you tremble over it? Do you realize the value of that soul? Is it possible, in our day, that our sense of responsibility of motherhood is being lost or exchanged for a few dollars earned on a job while our children are left without due care and teaching?

Now if our work was upon clay or marble, the vessel marred in the making could be discarded and another made. If a boy were just a capacity to be filled or a machine to grind out dollars, our course of action would be clear. If a girl were just a beautiful figure upon which to display dainty garments, the path would be easy, but a life is for eternity.

The mother of Moses heard the words: "Take this child and nurse him for me and I will give thee thy wages". She did a greater thing than train Moses for Pharoah's daughter. She trained him for God.

The mother of John Newton, the hymn writer, prayed for him, and it must have been before he was seven years of age, for he lost her by death at that early period of life. But he himself tells that he never forgot those prayers. He grew up to be a wicked man; a blasphemer and a "man stealer"--a kidnaper of slaves from Africa. In a terrible storm at sea, when every man was required to work the ship, he was missed from deck. A sailor was sent below to find him, and he found him on his knees, and heard him say, "O thou God of my dead mother, have mercy on my soul!" And God did show mercy.

Says Mr. Spurgeon, "I cannot tell how much I owe to the solemn words and prayers of my good mother. It was the custom on Sunday evenings while we were children for her to stay at home with us. We sat around the table and read verse by verse, while she explained the Scripture to us. After that was done then came the time of pleading with God. And some of the words of our mother's prayers we shall never forget, even when our heads are gray. I remember her once praying thus: 'Now Lord, if my children go on in sin, it will not be from ignorance that they perish, and my soul must bear a swift witness against them at the day of judgment if they lay not hold of Jesus Christ."

Then, too, I would like to add my personal testimony that many times my mother has placed her hand upon my head and breathed a prayer for my welfare and safety. During her last illness, I remember when I was preparing to leave her in her very weakened condition, she placed her hand upon me as I knelt by her bedside. There she offered her petition to God for me. For this I am indeed grateful and have never forgotten her love for her children.

Friends, could it be that there are some listening to the sound of my voice--some boy or girl out there in radio-land who are now far away from the teachings of that godly mother? If so, I hope that this will be the time when you will wholly give yourself anew and dedicate your life afresh to God!

Let us pray.

Father,
Take the words of the message today and make them an inspiration to all who hear and thine shall be the praise forever, in Christ's name we ask it. Amen

Here now is Frances, my good wife and the mother of our two girls and two boys.

Mother's Boys

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with flowers and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With the prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys.

Now, I think I'm a very neat woman;
And I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet I would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
And give me my four splendid boys.

Here now is a song as sung by Maybelle Pruitt, and I say a special "hello" to Byron and Clarice Pruitt and children, Loranger, Louisiana, A. Marie Miles, much love to my precious children, Carl Jr., Bernice and boys in Denver, Colorado, Elbert Johnson, with love to my mother in Lubbock, Texas, and your speaker, Willie Murphey. To all who are in tune with The Mission Trail, we lovingly dedicate this song.

The song.

Here now is Patsy.

Before It Is Too Late

If you've a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You've put off day by day;
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach Heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent--
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

Friends, if you would like to receive a copy of this message in typewritten form, you may have one free of charge by requesting message number 5165. Address your letter to The Mission Trail, Guthrie, Oklahoma, and be with us again next Friday night. Remember the new time of 11:00. Until then this is Willie Murphey and Frances and Patsy saying a happy Mothers' Day and a pleasant "Goodnight!"